NANCY.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN. In brown holland apron she stood in the kitch-Her sleeves were rolled up and her cheeks

all aglow: Her hair was coiled neatly, when I, indis-

Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter, Or who hum a song so de ghtfully low, Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender, As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it; And twisted and turned it, now quick and Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sad-

At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser, She saw me and blushed, and said shyly: "Please go, Or my bread I'll be spoiling in spite of my kneading the dough.

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not The sweet little tyrant said: "No, sir! no! Yet when I had vanished on being thus ban-My heart staid with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in faney, Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe,
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty, wee
kitchen Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

-John A. Fraser, Jr., in Century-

HOW KATY OPENED THE DOOR.

not mean merely very, very poor, like the man who goes about with a hand-organquantity of pennies he gets, I shouldn't wonder if he were rich, and simply pursued his occupation because he is fond of exercise and classical music. But supposing him to be as poor as he looks, I do not mean that alone. Anybody is uncomfortably poor who owes money and can't pay it, or who really needs and desires something but can't afford it. In this sense most people are poor very often. And there are only two remedies: one is, to have more money, which is not always easy to manage, and the other is, not to easy, but, on the whole, more advisable.

want so many things, which is also not Yet it is quite as uncomfortable and not poor. This is what ailed Mr. Crabbe. He had money enough, if he had only thought so. He lived as well as he knew ven when she burned the letters without opening them, and had even forgotten the postmarks. It fast as he could. I suppose that in most cases, if a man will give up everything for it, he can get rich, but it is a fearful price to pay. Old Crabbe had not found out this truth fully. He fancied that if he quite comfortable it was because he was still poor, "How can a man be happy," he used to grumble, "losing money every day? Such times! people pretending they can't

Old Crabbe's business was to get money only pleasure was to take that money and buy more houses. He had been a merchant in earlier days; but be had given that up, because he thought he hated to see and speak with people. Folks talked such rubbish, he said, over the counter; and a There was some truth in that, I confess; but not sufficient to justify him that everybody, particulary every woman, was somehow wronging him, or would do so at the first opportunity. At all events, he had retired from business, put his money into houses, and employed an agent to look after them, so that he need never personally meet his tenants. "They're all alike," said he; "if they can't rob me they'll bore me. What do I care for their smoky chimneys and poor kitchen ranges, and the pip's and roofs that leak, and the doors that won't shut, and the moldy wall-paper, and the three coats of paint that every-

thing needs, and all the rest of it?" But, although he took so much pains (and was willing to pay an agent a moderatevery moderate-salary) to avoid having anything to do with his tenants, he really attended to the whole business. The agent was little more than a go-between, and was obliged to report to old Crabbe almost every day and take his orders. "Don't tell me their names," said the landlord, "and don't tell them my name. But don't you dare to do anything or promise any-thing till I give you leave!"

The agent was a jolly Irishman, who, if he could have had his own way, would have demanded no rent at all, and lent money to the tenants into the bargain. "Sure, it's little good the money does the looke o' him," he used to mutter, as he received the monthly payments from people who looked as if they laid down with every dollar a bit of the pale flesh from their bones. But he was honest in obeying orders; and, although he gave plenty of cheering words and sympathy, he wasted none of old Crabbe's money. Indeed, he could not well have done so without being found out, for the old man used to cruise around early in the morning or late in the evening, when he thought he would not be seen and inspect matters for himself.

The day I am now writing of was the 24th of December. The agent was just leaving Mr. Crabbe's gloomy house after making his report. He had managed to give satisfaction in every case but one, and in that one case he had obstinately insisted that the rent ought to be reduced.

"Faith, yer honor," said he, "it's too big a proice for the little ould house at all, an' it not fit to live in without new front shteps to it an' a power o' patchin' on the roof, an' no gas nor water, an' the furnace as good as wore out intirely. Sure the widdy 'd after lavin' long ago av she hadn't lived there so happy with ner husband-rist his sowl! It's a foine man he was, an' good as gowld—barrin' the gowld—he hadn't enough 'o that to hurrt him!" "There, there!" interrupted old Crabbe;

"haven't I told you I don't want to know anything about the people that live in my Widows and husbands-it's all one to me. Let them pay their rent or get

armyhow; in the did of winter, too, more's With that the agent departed, and when he had reached the street and could not be overheard by old Crabbe, he chuckled and said to himself: "That concludin' consideration was an illigant bit of

logic. That'll do the business!" Apparently he had guessed correctly, for after he had gone old Crabbe, sitting alone in the house, began to think the matter No. 142, the house to which the agent had referred, and build "flats" in the place of it. He wanted first to secure the next lot, which he did not yet own. And if the present tenants should leave, it would be difficult to find others who would take it on any terms, except those of thorough and extensive repairs. Yet to reduce rent, even to retain a good tenant, was against what Katy might mean; she said lightly:

Or taking like that?"

"Yes," said old Crabbe, boldly, "under the circumstances, I am Santa Claustongh I wish I was you grandfather."

"Well, I don't," said little Katy. "Pve got a grandfather somewhere, and he's no up, but she's here at last, and I'll have about him and says 'Hush, my dear; and cout him and says 'Hush, my dear; and lightly: deaf and dump and blind, and that he has over. He wasn't quite ready to tear down

taining columns of figures. Then he siphered a little on a bit of paper, and dollars of money to spare for new investments. Such a result ought to have made him good-natured-I am sure it would have book together, and said it was just his luck thirty thousand by the end of the year, instead of twenty.

Stood watching while Nancy was kneading And the result of his meditations was not allowed to interfere with business. silvery voice calling, "Santa Claus!" early in the afternoon, but a snow storm was going on at a pretty lively rate, and when old Crabbe reached the place be its neighbors. "New front steps!" muttered he. "Nonsense!" And he crossed Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the street to look at them a little more closely. There were only two steps, and there was a hole in the first of them: but the snow had hidden the hole, as well as a very slippery spot on the sidewalk just this way into the parlor, Santa Claus?" before the steps-a slippery spot which had been carefully cultivated by wicked If you stand here and watch while I'm old Crabbe placed one foot (for a fraction an' I advise you to do the same, me darlin'. of a second only) and into that hole went his other foot immediately, and forward went his whole body. He almost fell, but not quite, and he certainly would have banged his head violently against the front door if it had not at that instant been pened suddenly. But this is an excellent place to conclude the present chapter and leave the reader in a state of harrowing suspense. It is almost always just as the door opens that we encounter those dreadful words: "To be continued in our next."

I have observed that great authors, after bringing about a crisis like that in my last chapter, do not continue it in their next, whatever they may promise to do. They always say: "Leaving our hero in this distressing position, let us now narrate some events which occurred several years before, and which have a bearing upon our It is not comfortable to be poor. I do story." I am going to imitate this fashion, though in a med rate way-for I don't like to follow fashion to extremes-ind though, by the way, judging from the the mystery of the door that opened in my last shall not be solved until I have d something about the inhabitants of No. 142, and the scenes which took place there on that same afternoon, not long before old Crabbe slipped, as aforesaid, on the

front steps. It really was not such a desperately bad ouse, though the agent had told the literal truth about it. But it is astonishing how ong one can continue to live in a house, and be quite comfortable, too, in spite of lots of things being out of order. If you don't believe this, listen while your mother talks to your father, or your father to the landlord, about the things that really must be done this year to the plumbing and the twice as absurd to feel poor when one is painting and the range and the ceilings and the door-knobs; and then notice how many of them don's get done after all, and how the family goes on another year without how. If his house was rather gloomy and being so very unhappy over it. No. 142 lonesome, it was because he chose to live was little and old, possessed of all the alone. His wife had died many years be- ancient inconveniences, with few of the fore this story begins. His only daughter modern conveniences, except, indeed, a had married against his will and he had door-bell that was out of order, and a furnace in the cellar that made a go wrote begging his love and pardon, as she trouble. Nevertheless, it was very cosy often did at first, or begging his help, as she once did afterwards. He had simply neat and tastefully-arranged rooms. Certainly so thought the sad and gentle lady who, with her little daughter, inhabited was now at least eight years since she had | them, as, on the afternoon of the 24th of left him, and he did not know, and thought December, she looked around the pretty he did not care what had become of her. parlor and sighed and said, half to herself All that time he had been getting rich as and half to the agent: "It will be hard to leave this place. I have been so happy

> "Yes'm," replied the agent, promptly; "it's a big shame, it is; thim front shteps, an' the furnace an' all, an' a dillikit laddy like you, an' the purrty gurrl."

"Ah," said the lady, "that's not the reason. The reason is that we cannot afford to have a house all to ourselves. We Such times! people pretending they can't pay their rent, and real estate going down all the while!"

Old Could be be be successed as a second control of the would not be able to go on living here; but give it up! And I hoped that-perhapssomebody-a connection of ours, might assist us. But he did not-and times have grown rather worse wi'n us."

"Moighty little good in thim connec tions," muttered the agent, and added woman shopping was enough to drive a aloud: "but he tould ye that he regritted his inability?"

"I do not know," said the lady; "he nevin despising the world altogether. The real secret was, that having cruelly wronged his daughter, he tried to believe "Mebbe it'll be not directed right it was," or ve put the wrong stamp on the corner. or ye didn't stick it on firm, or ye dropped it into one o' thim desaivin' lamp-postssure there's lashin's o' letters goes wrong." "No," said the lady; "I know well where he lives, and I left the letter at his door;

> When the agent heard that name he his head into various hot and smoky

the relief of the widow and her child. gray eyes, which she used to fix upon the eyes just looking through him. And how person to whom she was speaking, and she talked! Probably old Crabbe couldn't turbed by careless or deceitful words. asked him: "Am I too heavy?" Kate's mother always told her the truth did not speak, but slowly worked his arm and a good deal more of it than she might be expected to understand—for she was not," she said, with a smile of superior only seven years old—but children under-stand more than they get credit for; and heavy." And on she went with her story. what they don't understand they may apprehend, which is much the way of grown folks also. At all events, Kate, having had her mother for principal companon, knew a great deal that would surprise Yet she was in other respects most childlike and innocent. In fact, perhaps,

you would have been more surprised at the things she did not know. "Mamma," said Katy, "what are we going to do about Christmas? You told me to wait, and I did wait: and now I can't this very day! And whatever is going to

be done had better be done." "I am sorry, dear," said the lady, "to have to disappoint you. I hoped it would not be so bad. But you must be my brave daughter, and remember that although we cannot afford to make any outward show of our gladness, we have a great deal to be things so dear, because we buy so little tracted the farmer's attention for a turning their horses' heads they rode at a time. So you can help me to spend moment, the other dropped a bullet away to forage elsewhere.—Chambers' thankful for, and we can be really glad in make a real marry Christmes for manual.

honor'd better be tould, for it's not many that, I have you and you have me, and you little girl in the world that would be more quietly he removed it from his mouth grateful than I would be!" Then she gave the lady a kiss and con"Would you"—said old Co tinued: "But it is very nice to have a "do you think you would-be willing toparty, as we did last year, and a Christmas give me another kiss—even if I was not tree and such fun! Mamma, does Santa Santa Claus?" Claus ask people whether they can afford "I'll give you a hundred, and begin right it before he comes?" said Kare ascerly: "but if you

t before he comes?"

The eyes were so steady that one of two wasn't Santa Claus, of course not. It things had to be done—either answer or wouldn't be proper, unless you were my run away. The lady on this occasion ran grandfather or something. But you are away, saying: "We will talk about that Santa Claus, you know; so what's the use some other time. I must go out before the of talking like that?"

even to retain a good tenant, was against his principles. It is one of those things "Yes, dear, I'll leave it to you," and went his being attempted in Arkansas.

What Katy might mean; she said lightly: deaf and dumb and blind, and that he has lost his mind, too, and that they have put is being attempted in Arkansas.

Old Crabbe looked over a big book con- full of more serious cares than those of a get out or even to want to get out-just like

Christmas celebration. As soon as she was gone little Kate She had reasoned it all out beforehand. place, because there wasn't any. But per- wnole," said he, "I prefer to be Santa haps the register, communicating as it did | Claus. Come!" that effect upon me—but he made a wry haps the register, communicating as it did face over it and banged the lids of the big with the furnace, and that with the chimney, would do as well. And one of the -with decent for tune he should have had girls at school had told her that if you must call it into the chimney the day be-But after venting his ill temper on a fore Christmas. So she held her pretty chair or two, and making a few more spite. head over the register in spite of the hot ful remarks about the world and the way it | air; and thus it came to pass that the | two hours high. treated him, he returned to thoughts of agent, who was at that moment poking business. Even his fits of discontent were about the furnace in the cellar, heard a

"Thunder an' lightning!" said the agent, that he put on his big slouched hat "who's that?" This remark was addressed and his big shaggy overcoat, and went to nobody in particular; but Katy heard out to look at No. 142 for himself, and see | it with great delight. "Thunder and lightif it was such a tumble-down place as ning?" she repeated, softly; "why that's to the little girls that I know." that agent of his pretended. It was still the same as donner and blitzen—'On, "How many do you know? To Comet! on, Cupid! on Donner and Blitzen! -mamma said so! O, it must be Santa Claus himself, just going around beforesought and stood on the opposite side of the street to look at No. 142, the snow had made the house as respectable as any of called down the register again: "It's me— which was the sign: "District Telegraph if I could only see you once! I'm awful formance in there, the result of which was "Och, blazes, no!" shouted the agent, and come to No. 142, with their brothers, who found it very warm, even where he and fathers and mothers, too, if they liked, boys. So it came to pass that on that spot | was; "when I come I'll come by the door, "his hot air isn't good for yer little lungs." carriage again he spied the agent coming "O, Santa Claus, how funny your voice along the street. "Just the man I want to This hot air isn't good for yer little lungs."

sounds! It sounds just like the jolly agent that comes for the rent." "An' I couldn't risimble a bitter gintleman; he's a broth of a boy, that agent, an' about a hundred—and have those steps don't ye forget it! Sure I know him well. mended in half an hour; and while you are But I must be gittin' out o' this, or I'll spoil

me complexion!"
"Very well," called Katy; "I shall expect you at the front door!" But she got no reply, for the agent had gone, and in a minute more was rubbing his head with snow to cool it down, as he said, to a "plisant summer hate," while he hurried away to old Crabbe's in order not to be too late with his report-and, for the time being forgot little Katy and her childish

Then Katy's mother came down stairs and went out also-by the back door, because she was afraid of the front stepsand Katy was left alone in the house. more than an hour she sat by the window, watching for Santa Claus to come. At last, she saw a figure in shaggy coat and big hat, all covered with snowflakes. That must be he! she thought, as she clasped her hands. He came nearer; he stopped on the other side of the street; he looked at No. 142; he began to cross—yes, it was Santa Claus! Katy flew through the hall, opened the front door, and-to be continued in our next!

Leaving our heroine in this exciting position, let us now see what was happening to the lady. We must do this, you know, in obedience to the rules of art; but I hate it as much as you do, and I promise to be quick about it. The lady had determined to spend a very little money for Katy. She would buy a Christmas card, at least. But she saw in the shops so many other things that she would have been so glad to give to her child as to make it hard for her to be resigned. And the agent's talk kept running in her head. "I only took the letter to his door," she murmured. "I ought to have spoken with him, face to face. A letter he might refuse to read; but he could not help seeing and hearing me. Yes! I will-for Katy's sake!" And suddenly she left the shop and hur-ried, as though afraid she might change her mind, to old Crabbe's house. He was not at home, the housekeeper said. She didn't know when he would be at home; and was about to shut the door, when the lady, with a strange impulse, said: "I will go in and wait for him-I am his daughter;" and in a moment she had passed into the wellknown house, so that the housekeeper could do nothing but say: "Well, she never!" and go back to the kitchen. And at the very moment when Crabbe's front door opened to let his daughter in, the front door of No. 142 opened, and-

Now we have got to it, at last. Aren't you glad? Katy was glad, and as for old Crabbe-he didn't know he felt. To be shot out of a snow-storm in that way; to think you are going to tumble down and break your nose, and then to find yourself from the tenants of his houses; and his I resolved to try, for it was so hard to in a warm hall and a pretty little girl dusttalking as fast as she can, is enough to turn anybody's head.

"I knew you'd come!" cried Katy, dancing round him. "Mamma has gone out and I'm keeping house, and we needn't tell her till the whole thing is arranged! What a lot of snow you have got on your knees!"

Old Crabbe looked down in bewilderment on the bright, curly head. His ideas had and that one he spoke out. "Bad hole in

Katy jumped up when she heard that, crying: "O, you dear old Santa Claus! and the servant told me that Mr. Crabbe How could you find that out so soon! Why, that's one of the very things I was going to ask you!" And she climbed right ave a long whistle, in spite of his natural up on a chair that stood in the hall, and liteness, and immediately said he must threw her arms around old Crabbe's neck ook at the furnace. "Sure I had to git and gave him a kiss, so quick that he din't away somehow," said he to himself as he know what was going to happen until it roped down the cellar stairs. "If I had had happened and couldn't be prevented." staid a minute more I'd at broke one of the Then she took off his hat, and even began tin commandments, by spakin' my moind as if she would help him take off his over about that ould villain. A connection o' coat. But he resisted that, and she said: hers, is it? Holy Moses; it's her father he "O, I forgot. Of course you always wear is, bad luck to him!" And the kind-hearted that. You couldn't be taking it off and agent went down to the furnace, where he putting it on again so many times. It pened doors and shut them again, poked would wear all out. That's what wears out clothes more than anything else. You places and pretended to make a thorough examination generally; but his thoughts I know! But you must come into the were busy all the time with wild plans for parlor, for I've got lots and lots to say-

only I'll say it very fast." Meanwhile the lady was not left alone; Indeed she kept her word, for, leading for in ran the loveliest little girl and sprang old Crabbe (who went as if he were in a upon her mother's knee. I am not good at dream and never spoke a word) into the describing little girls. They all seem pret- parlor, she seated him in the arm-chair that ty to me. So I will mention but one point | used to be her father's, and then, plump about little Kate. She had a pair of great | there she was on his knee and those gray there was something in those eyes, some have stopped her if he had tried-but thing deep and transparent, which made it he did not try. He sat and looked very hard to avoid answering any question into those eyes as if they were they might ask. It seemed as if they were water and he was thirsty. Once she paused two still, clear pools, and must not be dis- to take breath, and, before she began again,

"So you see," said she at last, "you have got to help a good deal this time. Mamma has not got any money to spare; but I've got ten cents that she don't know anything about. The agent gave them to me one day. We must get something pretty for

him. You like him, you know. You said next .- R. W. Raymond, in Our Continent he was a broth of a boy!" "Oh, did I?" muttered old Crabbe; but with those eyes upon him he could not deny it.

"Now, I'll tell you my plan," said the wait any longer. To-morrow is Christmas, child. "You will take me along with you market with a load of potatoes, entered wonder they gazed at the grotesquelyhave such lots of things to get and you can get bargains, I know." Mamma says that half-shell. A couple of jokers happened when they were within hearing disone to me. Let them pay their rent or get out!"

"Av coorse!" replied the agent. "That's what I said to the widdy—I mane the tin. ant—and says she, 'I think I'll have to give you the rights notice.' So I thought ver that I have you and you have me and you the rights notice.' So I thought ver that I have you and you have me how to make a real merry Christmas for mamma.

Now Santa Claus, do!" she added, as she into one of the oyster shells. The mam have a real merry Christmas for mamma.

Now Santa Claus, do!" she added, as she added

"Would you"-said old Crabbe, slowly-

a-like an idiot rabbit!" she concluded triumphautly, and added in a tone of deep and that he had some twenty thousand | walked straight to the register in the floor. | pity; "poor old grandfather Crabbe!" There was a dead silence for a minute. Santa Claus couldn't get in by the fire and then old Crabbe spoke. "On the

But the air of bewilderment and uncertainty has disappeared. He waited impatiently while Katy put on her red cloak wanted anything from Santa Claus you and hood, and as soon as the door was open he lifted her in his arms and strode out across the dangerous step into the snow. The storm had ceased and the sun was still

A carriage was passing. Old Crabbe hailed the driver, hired the carriage and put little Kate into it. "Lots to do," said he; "we mus; hurry."
"O, yes, indeed," said Katy. "You will, have to drive hard to get around to all the

houses. Why, it would take an hour to go

"How many do you know? Tell me where they live," said he; and in a few minutes he had the names of some twenty girls. Then he stopped the carriage and left Katy Katy. Don't you remember me? I would Office. Messengers at all Hours." But she remember you, just as plain as anything, did not see or hear his astonishing perglad I came to the register just as you did | that all the messengers in the concern were -but perhaps I stopped you coming up this way into the parlor? Were you coming up to the houses of Katy's friends, begging them to please excuse lack of ceremony

that very evening.

see! Hello, there! Go right down to No. 142, and stop on the way at the confectioner's and order a supper for about—well, about a hundred—and have those steps about it, get a big Christmas tree, and all the fixings. Never mind what it costs, I'll pay it; I'm good for it-well, what are you staring at? Get along, can't you? Stay-this is for yourself. Now hurry up, will you?" And he put into the hands of the astonished agent several gold pieces amounting to more than a month's salary. But the agent caught a glimpse of Katy in the carriage, and understood how the matter lay without any explanations; and away he went, as wild as a young colt with delight. "Whoop!" said he; "to think of ould Crabbe caught by the witch of a choild. O, Kathleen Mayourneen! av ye

As old Crabbe was about to get into the

begin this way whin ye're young, faith the boys'il break hearts an' heads for yer purty eyes whin ye're a bit older!" Meanwhile old Crabbe-old Crabbe!was shopping like mad. Whatever Katy admired he bought. The shopkeepers all knew him, and knew that he was able to pay. So they made no objection to his extravagance, though they could not understand it. At last Katy herself interfered. "Santa Claus," said she, gravely, "I am afraid you are spending too much money. You don't seem to understand shopping. You ought to look at things and admire them and ask the price, and whether they will wash, and say you will look further before deciding; and then the clerk will offer to sell them to you at cost, because it's you, and he would like to oblige an old customer!

"O, I know how it's done!" said old Crabbe, remembering his merchant days. "Then why don't you do it?" pursued Katy. "You just ask how much it is, and say 'Do it up!" That's no way to shop! And I'm afraid you'll waste all the money in the world, and that will make everybody poor!" "Now,don't you worry," said old Crabbe,

cheerily. "I like this way of shopping best. And I've got plenty. Why, child, I've got twenty thousand dollars to spend,

"O, what a lot!" said Katy. "But I supdose it don't make so very much when you divide it around. Of course, I like it; you needn't stop on my account. I never had such fun in my life as buying the Christmas presents for all the boys and girls in town!" of them were tired. Meanwhile the agent and a crowd of assistants were working like men distracted at No. 142, receiving and arranging the articles that came to th door in a perfect procession of express wagons; and all the folks in the neighborhood were flattening their noses on their window-panes in admiration at the goings on at No. 142, or else they were scrubbing and dressing the children who had been in-

vited to spend the evening there. At last old Crabbe and Katy drove up to the door. It was almost time for the party to begin. He wouldn't let her go into the ing the snow from you with a broom, and parlor, but made her hurry up stairs to her own room to put on her best dress. "Whatever you find up there on the bel," he shouted after her, "that's what I mean!" For there had been a bundle of wonderful clothes-just out of fairy land-sent to the house an hour before, with directions to the agent: and the contents were all ar And down she went on her knees to brush ranged in Katy's chamber. Now it was

her turn to think she was in a dream! But old Crabbe was very wide awake now. He dashed back into the carriage and nearly all forsaken him; but one remained, drove swiftly to his own house. The house keeper met him at the door, but he ran by the steps," he said. "I must have it her so quickly that he was half-way up stairs before he heard her say: "And now

"Who's gone?" be asked, sharply. "A crazy woman, who said she was your

daughter, and stayed till I told her to get "You're an old fool!" said Mr. Crabbe to the housekeeper. "No; I'm an old foolor was. But I can't stop to explain now Look here; you'll have the upstairs bedrooms aired to-morrow, and send word to the cabinet-maker and-and everybodythat I want to see them early. Do you hear?" And old Crabbe disappeared into his own room, leaving the housekeeper struck by lightning. In less than ten minutes he was out again, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons and a splendid frilled shirt-bosom, such as fine gentleme used to wear in his younger days. And he certainly looked like a fine gentleman, a younger and happier one than had gone out of that hose for many a day. Into the

carriage again and off like the wind! As he whirled through the streets, he aught sight of a woman's figure, plodding slowly along the snowy sidewalk. He started and was on the point of stopping the carriage; but he checked himself, say-"It is only a few minutes more that he will wait and suffer. And perhaps she ould not forgive me here and now. must have the child at hand. So he leaned back out of sight, and the carriage drove swiftly by, leaving the lady toiling bravely

out sadly homeward. Why, what was this? Her old house cleaming with lights and running over with music and laughter-guests coming in crowds-those rickety steps gone-a bower of greens arching the front door! She leaned against the gate in speechless amazement. But they were on the lookout for her and once more-for the last time in this story-Katy opened the door and-To be continued; for the happiness that came that day never departed any more but was continued, like a story without end, through the next and the next and the

No Mystery to Him.

when you go shopping this afternoon. You a restaurant near the Central Market attired animals. "The plague! the better. That's one thing that makes our to be in the place, and, while one at tance. That was enough for the Uhlans: and turned to the light. "By George! but it's a bullet!" cried

one of the men. "Probably shot into the oyster to kill him," added the other. "Well, that is a mystery!" said the

man behind the counter. "Gentlemen, that's no mystery to me," replied the farmer, as he deposited the ball in his vest pocket. "At the

-The domestication of Buffalo calves

Clever Strategies.

One of the most ingenious methods of obtaining money without asking for it was that adopted by Queen Elizabeth's famous Ambassador, Dr. Dale. On one occasion, when dispatching letters to the Secretary of State, he artfully sent one addressed inside to "his dear Kate" in a cover addressed to "Her Most Excellent Majesty." The astonishment of the Queen when she opened the missive and found herself addressed in the most endearing terms, "my deared, my loved; petted and sweethearted." can well be imagined. But when she read the passage where she was made acquainted with the state of his health and the emptiness of his purse, she fell at once into the trap, and, with unusual liberality, relieved his necessities. Another good story is told of the way in which the same party got pecuniary help from his royal mistress. Prior to his departure for Flanders on State business he had an audience of the Queen, when he was informed that he was to receive a daily allowance of twenty shillings for expenses. Dale, however, thought this sum very insufficient, and was not at all satisfied with the amount. He was not slow in adopting a method whereby his mistress should be made acquainted with the fact. He replied that he should spend nineteen shillings a day, and in answer to a question as to what would be done with the other shilling, said: "That I shall keep for my Kate, and my boys, Tom and Dick." The hint was taken and the allowance increased.

Every one has heard the story of how Sir Walter Scott when a boy cut off the button from the waistcoat of his schoolfellow, and by thus depriving him of twirling the button when he was asked a question (a peculiar habit he had got into) Sir Walter reached the top of his class.

But the story of the clever physician and the obstinate patient is not so well known. The latter, who was a Westof-England Bishop, and a notoriously stanch Conservative, had for some time been very ill, and with other prescriptions the doctor advised that at regular intervals a small dose of brandy should be administered. To this, however, the prelate had a decided objection; he obstinately refused to taste a drop of the intoxicating liquor. The physician insisted, nay, even implored his patient to take a small quantity, but the Bishop as firmly and politely declined. Here was a dilemma. The probability was that his obstinacy would be the cause of his death. Few, in the same position, would have been struck with the same idea as the doctor. Quickly walking to the bedside of the sick man, he said: "You are aware that Russell is in office, and a Whig will be your successor to the bishopric." That touched him in a weak point. Slowly raising himself in the bed, he said "Fetch the brandy, doctor; if necessary

I will drink a quart.' But by far the most singular method of obtaining a desired end was that transcending far the sentimental love as members of the Federal Union. which is accredited to Gretry. If he happened to be walking with any one who went too quick, or too slow, he regulated their steps to his own by softly singing or whistling a tune, the time of which was in accordance with the time he wished to be kept. He would So that wild shopping went on until both argue: "To say 'you walk too fast, or too slow,' is impolite, but to sing softly an air to the time of the walk of your companion, and then by slow degrees either to quicken the time or to make it slower, is a strategem as innocent as it

is convenient." Stage robberies in Mexico were even until lately very frequent, but at the time of the French occupation of the State they were of almost daily occurrence. To put a stop to these continual robberies the French commander hit upon a capital idea. Half a dozen Zouaves were dressed in ladies' attire, closely veiled, and sent as passengers in the next stage. They carried their carbines beneath the folds of their dress. As we expected, the mail was stopped and the "ladies," leaving with the other passengers, drew up in line, as was the custom, a few paces from the vehicle, while the searching was going on. Suddenly the "ladies" raised their earbines and performed the strangely stairs before he heard her say: "And now unfeminine act of shooting stone dead she's gone, and good riddance!" unfeminine act of shooting stone dead some dozen robbers. It is perhaps some dozen robbers. It is perhaps needless to add that this served as a route at least, it being only necessary from thenceforth to display a shawl

and a bonnet to secure a comfortable A device somewhat similar to the foregoing, but in which the robbers, or quantity of straw, old clothes, and half stuff the old clothes with the straw, himself, need not be called on to espouse | country.-American Register. fastening the pistols in the outstretched hands of his mock companions, and take issue against the race of which then rear them against a tree. Pres- he is a part. The thousands of ently a carriage came rattling along, id'e, shiftless negroes in the South, who and the usual cry of "Halt!" rang out. The coachman, with the cold muzzle of a pistol to his forehead, of course complied. The inmates of the coach, which in the dark could only be imperfeetly distinguished, yielded to what and the coach being robbed it was al-

lowed to proceed on its journey. of Uhlans outwitted during the Francofield, in the center of all a large squirt. Washington Post. A stubbed farmer, who had come to Finally the Uhlans did arrive, and with

A Bachelor's Devise.

An eccentric old bachelor, named Boniface B. Deroo, who has been a resident of Akron, O., a great many years. died recently, leaving an estate in real and personal property valued at about \$25,000. He directed in his will that \$1,000 should be applied to the purchase of a lot in Glendale Cemetery, supplying a granite monument and a metallic coffin for his body, all the residue of his estate to be devoted to the erection of a city hospital, admission to which should be without charge and without distinction of race, nationality, color or sex. If the fund is not large enough to accomplish this, it is to be held in trus. by the city until a sufficient surplus las been obtained. Deroo had always been a very frugal man, and amassed, this sum by days' wages .- Cincinnati EnThe Negro Not an Issue.

It is wonderful with what persistency the Republican editors are hammering away at the "Southern outrage" business. They have apparently seized upon litical system, and murder the liberties this as the basis of their campaign of the people. The essential guaran-work, and are determined to put it for-ward as the chief argument of their tees of freedom, extorted from the the negro from a natural desire to pro- inexpressible calamities. tect him from the passions which the The attempt to run Grant for a third war had produced; but after twenty term was a futile and remote expedient years of peace, and with all these pas- to accomplish the same result. When sions allayed, and the intermingling Hayes became President through the which common interests has made nec- extraordinary device of the Electoral essary, no such sentimental feeling ex-ists, and no tiring of the Northern heart (as the Radicals termed it) "to think is needed. The negro has made that there was some vitality left in the trouble enough in this country already, old Constitution," and therefore with and the peace of the Nation requires drew the army from the Southern that this disturbing element be taken States. And for this he was proscribed out of politics. There is no doubt that and excommunicated from his party, the people of the North agree with this and has never since had even a respect sent ment, and will so declare if this ful recognition from the Radical majorsubject is again forced into prominence. ity. That the Radical majority intendopen such an exciting topic and parade over the Southern States as subjugated before the public eye the exaggerated provinces for twenty years, as Thad evidences of Southern hostility to the Stevens said, or until the relations of negro, simply to stimulate the failing the Southern States as members of the fortunes of a political party, is no friend | Federal Union were utterly destroyed, of peace and good government, and has is manifest and undeniable. They not at heart the welfare of his country. | made a mistake in Hayes, and public

addressed.

The negro has had more care and more public sympathy and attention | Truly has it been said: than the white man The whole force and power of the Government has been exerted in his behalf. Congress has desuch a quarrel, and certainly not to

Not Likely to Fire the Northern Heart.

rage business never determined the re- Louis Republican. sult of a single election in a Northern State except when the revulsion of -A French authoress, whose full title popular sentiment, which the persistent and cognomen is Countess Gabrielle vilification of the South finally created, Sybil Aimee Marie Antoinette de Rebrought Republican States into the quetti de Mirabau de Martel de Jan-Democratic column. How, then, is it to be nefit the Republican party at this lishing her portrait. French newslate day? There are no Southern States papers will probably say little about the except Virginia in the power of a Re- suit on account of the danger they run publican Executive, and Mahone need of spelling her name wrong. raot hope to do such acts under the cover of the bloody shirt as were done has gone never to return. - Exchange.

the winter months.

The Assassin Stab at the Liberties of the Country.

The reconstruction measures constituted a bold attempt to destroy our poward as the chief argument of their crown after many centuries of struggle canvass. Nothing more strongly illus- and bloodshed on the part of the people rates the weakness of their cause than in England, secured in Magna Charta, the resurrection of this thoroughly dead and copied into our Constitutions, issue. It was worked for all it was were here, at a single blow clover worth in 1876, and yet the doubtful down, and a military despotism estab-States of New York, New Jersey, Con- lished on their ruins. Alas! for the necticut and Indiana went Democratic, recklessness of unhallowed ambition and with sufficiently large majorities to and partisan cupidity. The partisans settle once for all the failure of such an who did it, knowingly set aside the issue to make Republican voters. The Constitution they had sworn to suppeople of this country will not be led by port, and willfully and wantonly the nose by scheming Republican poli- trampled down its most sacred and es ticians, and this is plain to everybody. sential provisions. This was a solemn The Republican editors, however, pro- warning to the people against the danfess not to know it, and are now busy gers attending even the most positive at work trying to create a public senti- guarantees of their liberties in a writment calculated to provoke hostility be- ten Constitution, when the Dantons, tween the sections upon the ground of Robespierres and Marats have the lead the antipathy of the white people of the in public affairs. If the impeachment South toward the negro. This will cer- of President Johnson had been successtainly fail, for the simple reason that ful, and Ben Wade had been put into the voters of the North have now other his place, the myrmidons of power, and more important questions to con- under the lead of Thad Stevens, would sider than the political status of the have taken the control of affairs, and negro. After the war, when the South this country would have had to pass was in a chaotic condition, there might through the horrid scenes of the French have been some reason why benevolent revolution. By a narrow escape the people would take a lively interest in country was saved such barbarous and

The man who would deliberately re- ed to continue the military Government

He is simply a fomenter of strifes and opinion has been running against them. discords, and deserves no place in the That the radical Republican majority considerations of patriotic people. The intended a revolution in our political issues of the time are thoroughly and system; that they designed to use the intensely practical. They have to do results of the war to destroy and blot with the material development of in- out the States, centralize all power in dustrial activities and the advancement | the Federal Government, is clear and of the people who contribute to the certain. For this purpose the soleme wealth and progress of the Nation. pledge of the public faith and honor Whether labor shall have better protec- under the Crittenden Resolution was tion against the organized oppressions shamelessly repudiated. The destrucof capital and whether the burdens of tion of what Clay denominated "the taxat on shall be lightened so that pa- fairest fabric of human government that tient toilers shall be able to live toler- ever rose to animate the hopes of civilably and decently and not dig and delve | ized man" was not only attempted and for their masters like so many slaves - intended, but so far accomplished as these are the questions of the hour actually to destroy for a time ten States

for the negro, and above and beyond Had this political party at the close such clap-trap as our Republican of the war carried out the pledge of the friends would put forward for public Crittenden Resolution and restored the consideration. The laboring millions Union, "with all the dignity, equality of the country, whose wants and needs and rights of the several States unimhave for years been overlooked by paired," and aimed to cultivate peace, senseless clamors for negro rights, are amity and fraternity with the people of not likely to grow enthusiastic over the Southern States, which true statessupposed negro wrongs when they with manship required, it would have sebetter and stronger claims to National cured for itself the respect of the world interest cannot get an audience, denied and the confidence of the country. But, them by the very men who now clamor | alas! the Radical leaders never rose to a for negro sympathy. The cry of the comprehension of any such magnanimskilled workman in the factory and in ity or elevation of thought. Lust of the shop has never had an answering partisan power and public plunder filled response from these Republican enthu- their minds. Revolution, the centralisiasts except to give the capitalist more | zation of all power in the Federal Govopportunity to double his dividends, ernment, and the destruction of the and it is not at all likely that the for- Southern States as States of the Amerigotten laborer will rend his shirt over can Union they viewed as essential to negro difficulties in the South while his their partisan ascendency. For this own claim to public attention has never they were willing to sacrifice not only been heeded. And yet it is to this the Constitution and the Union, but the class that these howls for sympathy are last great experiment of man for free government. "Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!

" Man's inhumanity to man A man who murders, or attempts to clared itself to be his friend, and Re- murder another man from base and publican statesmanship has exhausted selfish purposes, is an object of abhoritself devising ways and means for his rence to mankind in general. But a benefit and advantage. He has no real man, or set of men, who murder of atson to complain and no amount of po- tempt to murder the liberties of a whole warning to the stage robbers on that litical clamor will secure him further people, valued far beyond the sanctity attention If in following the fortunes of human life, commits a crime which, of men who were willing to disorganize in turpitude and atrocity, defies the all social laws and customs and ruin power of human language to define or anything and everything just so that express. Victor Hugo, with all his great their selfish ambition might prosper, descriptive powers, has taken a whole negroes found themselves in antagon- volume to portray in his "history of a robber, reaped the benefit, was that of ism to the well-being of the State and Crime" the magnitude and atrocity of Hounslow Heath highwayman, the interests of her citizens, and in- the crime of the usurper, Louis Napo-This ingenious rascal procured a large volved themselves in trouble, the indus- leon, in robbing the people of France of trious mechanic who minds his business their liberties and substituting a milia dozen pistols. His next step was to and seeks by patient labor to advance tary despotism for the Republic of that

A Big "Yell" Next Year.

We are told in the dispatches of Reneglect their work to turn politicians, publican newspapers that the announceand stand about the polling places prat- ment of the nomination of Mr. Carlisle ing of rights of which they know noth- by the caucus of Democratic represening, and spending their time encour- tatives in Congress was "greeted with being shown the figures of the men, aging idleness among others, these are the old rebel yell." It is a practice in not worth the attent on of thinking this country, where contests take place people, and yet it is this class who are in political bodies, for the victors to sigthey thought to be superior forces, always getting into trouble and from nify their gratification by vocal demonwhich the election riots come. It is strations. This practice is not confined the height of absurdity to make such a to any party. The yell that followed Very cleverly, too, were a company crowd of thoughtless idlers and loafers the defeat of Grant at the Chicago conthe basis for political issues, and invite vention was perhaps a rebel yell, in the Prussian war. A farmer who was the attention of the country to their same sense that the applause succeedwarned that these unwelcome visitors local fights and brawls as topics of Namight be expected at any moment and tional interest. We have had enough Hancock at Cincinnati was one. Unionmake a raid on his property, set to of the negro as an element in political ism and secessionism, treason and patwork in the following adroit manner consideration. He has the same pro- riotism, are hard to be distinguished in He literally clothed his cows, sheep and tection which the white man has, and if a huzza. There might be a difference goats in cast-off petticoats and gowns he violates the peace and gets into between a stalwart yell and a half-breed of his wife and daughter, torn trow- trouble he has all needful remedies for yell as between a man's and a girl's or sers, sheets and blankets. Then a defense and deliverance. He is no more child's: but it is getting it down to a large quantity of medicine bottles were a National issue, and no amount of explaced in conspicuous positions in the cited declamation can make him one. | nized in tone or modulation, or shrillness, or volume, or continuance, in respect to its fealty, or the reverse, to the old flag. It was too bad that right in the Capitol, underneath the statue of What do the Republicans expect to liberty, there should have been heard do with the old mildewed and moth- Saturday night the "old rebel rell." and eaten bloody shirt in 1884? It didn't worse yet that so many who helped to fire the Northern heart in 1876, and it swell it had, some twenty years ago. is not likely to do it now. The fact is, kept step to the music of the Union, and it was never anything but a cloak to who have never been lacking in loyalty, hide the nefarious acts of the Republicher since or before. We hope and exlican carpet-baggers when they had pect to hear of more such yells; and un-Federal bayonets to back their despotic less all signs fail the welkin will ring rule of the Southern States. This out- with a big one not a year hence. St.

-In taking out the old filling recentin Louisiana and other Southern States in 1876. The day for that sort of work in 1876 at Virginia City the workmen unearthed an old sledge which was received an old ognized by a veteran miner present as -Turkey, like a fur-lined circular, one that John W. Mackay used in the may be said to be fashionable throughout mine over twenty years ago .- Chicago Tribune.